

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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THE HUNDRED POUND NOTE.

THE curate of a quiet country parish has neither to work so hard as his brethren in great cities, nor, as a rule, does he meet with those strange and startling experiences which it is often their lot to witness. Still at times singular events cross the path of the rural clergyman, and they are afterwards all the more vividly remembered by him because of the calm and equable monotony of his ordinary life. I was seated in my study one sultry Saturday afternoon in July, putting the finishing touches to the sermon which I had been requested to preach the next day, when my landlady's daughter tapped gently at the door, saying :—

"If you please, sir, David Dymond has come to say that his father's a deal worse, and would you be kind enough to step down to see him."

As I have always made it a rule never to allow any other clerical work to interfere with such a solemn summons as this, I replied that I would come immediately, and took up my hat.

"I beg pardon, sir," said David, touching his hat respectfully, "but I think you had better take up your umbrella. There's a storm coming up over yonder."

I had been so engrossed by my sermon that I had taken no note of the threatening aspect of the weather. I now perceived that a huge bank of copper-clouds had arisen in the north-east, and was slowly drifting in our direction against the lower current of the wind. So I accepted the young wheelwright's advice, and took my umbrella.

"Father's very anxious to see you, sir," said David, "because he's afraid that before many days he may lose his tongue, as he has already lost the use of his limbs. He's got little enough to leave, poor soul, heaven knows; but he wants that little fairly divided betwixt Reuben and me.

You know Reuben's temper, sir, isn't always of the best."

It was a touching sight to see the worthy old day-labourer, worn out with the weight of years and excess of toil, as he lay on his humble bed, tranquilly awaiting the summons which would call him to another and a happier world. His worldly goods consisted for the most part of the humble yet highly cherished heirlooms which had been handed down to him by his forefathers, and it was to make an equitable division of these between his two sons that he had especially desired my presence at this solemn time.

John Dymond had lost his second wife some years before, nor had any of his daughters survived to the period of which I am writing, so that there was no female hand of his own kith or kin to smooth his pillow. Reuben's wife might certainly have offered to undertake the task, but she excused herself on the ground that she had a young family of her own to look after; her place was efficiently supplied, however, by a motherly widow woman, who lived in the adjoining cottage. When David and I entered the sick chamber, which was indeed the principal room of the house, the nurse was sitting at the head of the bed, on one side, and Dr. Webb, the parish surgeon, on the other. At the foot of the bed, close by the table, on which were placed various articles of food and medicine, sat Reuben Dymond and his wife. I mention the exact position severally occupied by the various persons present, for a reason which will appear hereafter. As for myself, I sat next to David at the opposite end of the table, but so near the bed—for the whole apartment was of very small dimensions—that I could conveniently shake the sick man's hand, and catch the feeblest accents of his voice.

After a brief interval of religious conver-

sation the sick man feebly pressed my hand and spoke thus :—

"And now, sir, about parting my bits of things between my two boys—"

At these words Reuben and his wife, who had hitherto appeared totally uninterested, looked up with some little animation.

"That's scarcely fair, father, is it ? observed Reuben, with a sort of laugh. "You've knowed me a score of years before you knowed David. Beside's he's a single man earning good wages, while I've got Martha and five young ones to keep."

"Boys, boys," said the old man imploringly, "dont ye get to words together. I want ye to be good friends before I take the last long journey. Say, David, what will content thee ?"

David was about to reply warmly, but I took his arm and whispered in his ear that he would please his father best by yielding to his brother.

"But before six months are gone they will have sold everything, sir," remonstrated the young man in return. "All the old furniture will be in the hands of strangers."

"I will provide against that," I said. "I will make Reuben an offer for it."

"Come, David," said his half-brother, with a sneer, "can't yer make up your mind without consulting the parson."

"Father," replied David, "if you were not lying sick I should ask for a fair division ; as it is I am willing that you should give Reuben everything, except the clock and the shelf of books. Will that suit you, Reuben ?"

"Ay, that it will, bravely," cried Reuben, exultingly. Give me your hand, Davy. You're a better brother then I took you for."

"I should like Reuben to have one book," murmured the old man, "just by way of remembrance. Would you kindly look over them, Mr. Woodward's ?"

At these words I took the books from the shelf—they were only a dozen in number—and laid them on the table.

"The Whole Duty of Man ?" I said, interrogatively.

"No," answered Reuben, with a shake of his head, "not in my line, sir."

"A Prayer-book ?" I continued.

"No, let Davy keep it," answered Reuben, contemptuously.

"My friends," I said, "this Prayer-book

is more valuable than any of you suspected."

As I spoke these words I held up a flimsy piece of paper, yellow with age. It was a Bank of England note for one hundred pounds, dated in the year 1805, and signed by Abraham Newland, the famous chief cashier at that period.

Everybody, with the exception of the sick man, rose eagerly on hearing my words, and pressed around me to gaze upon the treasure I had unwittingly discovered. Dr. Webb pronounced it a genuine note, and held it before John Dymond's eyes, briefly telling him how and where it had been found. The thin, discoloured slip of paper represented a sum of money which three years of hard toil under frost and heat would not have gained for the humble labourer, yet he regarded it with unmoved eyes. His thoughts were elsewhere.

"If it be lawful to keep," he said quietly, "part it fairly between Reuben and David."

No one had handled the note excepting Dr. Webb and myself, for as I entertained a strong distrust of Reuben and his wife, I did not care to excite their jealousy by affording David a privilege which I would not grant them. I took the note from the doctor's hands, and having resumed my seat at the table, was about to place it in my pocket-book, when a blinding flash of lightning of an appalling blue tint illuminated the room, followed in an instant by a roar of thunder, as if a thousand cannons had been discharged simultaneously. We one and all uttered an instinctive cry of dread, and I fancied a convulsive shudder shook the limbs of the invalid. A few minutes later I perceived that Dr. Webb was pointing with unwonted solemnity of manner towards the bed. I started from my chair, and bending forward, peered eagerly through the obscurity at John Dymond's face. He had ceased to breathe, the jaw had fallen, and, in the midst of nature's mighty conflict, his spirit had passed peacefully and painlessly away.

By degrees we began to recover from the twofold shock which had momentarily confused our senses, and my first thought was that I had left the hundred pound note lying on the table. I say my first thought, for afterwards my ideas on the subject became confused by incessant attempts at recollection, and I began to doubt whether I had not put it into my pocket-book, or replaced

it between the leaves of the Prayer-book. The inmates of the chamber of death soon perceived that something was amiss. The thunder-storm was rapidly passing away, and as the air grew brighter they noticed the intensely anxious expression of my face, and the nervous manner with which I turned out the contents of my pockets, and hunted between the leaves of the Prayer-book.

"What is the matter, Mr. Woodward?" demanded Dr. Webb, gravely.

"The note!" I replied, with stammering accents, for I was in an agony of nervous excitement. "The note, I can find it nowhere."

The doctor cast a sharp glance of suspicion in the direction of Reuben and his wife. I noticed it, and think they noticed it also. He then said:—

"It can't be lost, it must be in this room of course."

"I have searched my pockets, and I have turned over every leaf of these books," I answered. "My impression is that I left it on the corner of the table just at the time of that dreadful flash. I could almost swear that I did so."

"May be the thunderbolt burned it up," observed Reuben, with a sardonic grin on his face.

"If it has it would only be like our usual bad luck, Ruby," chimed in his wife.

As she spoke I saw that David was steadily regarding his relatives with a darkening frown on his forehead. A moment later he rose from his seat.

"I must speak," he said, excitedly, "although the breath is only just out of poor father's body. I swear that I saw the note on this very corner which I now cover with my hand, the instant before the flash of lightning. A minute later it had disappeared. It can't be lost."

"Don't you think it's burnt?" said Reuben mockingly.

"I think it's stolen," answered David calmly.

"So do I," returned Reuben coolly.

"By whom?" I demanded, for I felt that I was most seriously implicated in the matter.

"By him!" "By him!" exclaimed the half-brothers almost at the same instant.

The storm had by this time passed completely away; the sky was unstained by a single cloud, and the birds, cooled and refreshed by the moisture of the air, were

merrily singing their evening song. Dr. Webb and I walked away slowly side by side.

"This is a most sad affair," I observed. "What do you think of it?"

"I scarcely know what to think," he replied. "At first I felt convinced that Reuben was the thief. I don't think so now; the undaunted way in which he submitted to be searched looks like innocence."

"Do you suppose that Martha took it without her husband's knowledge?"

"No. I don't."

"You surely don't suspect David?"

"No I don't suspect any of them. I don't know what to think, I am fairly puzzled."

The news of the singular discovery of the hundred pound note, and of its still more singular disappearance, spread like wildfire through the village. Moreover, the tale was told with many exaggerations. It was reported that while I was in the act of repeating the Lord's Prayer the note miraculously became visible between the open leaves of the Prayer-book, which I held in my hand.

Nearly a week elapsed between John Dymond's death and the funeral, during which time no communication took place between the brothers, for each obstinately persisted in believing the other guilty. At first Reuben flatly refused to attend the funeral, simply because his brother would be there; but on my pointing out to him that he would never cease to reproach himself afterwards for having neglected such a plain act of duty, he unwillingly agreed to go. I felt unable to address him with any cordiality, because I strongly suspected that he and his wife were in possession of the hundred pound note. It is true that Reuben had never hitherto been charged with felony, but he was a free-living, lax-principled man, who would be quite incapable of withstanding a sudden and powerful temptation.

"Very well, Mr. Woodward," were his concluding words, "I'll come to the funeral, though I don't much fancy standing near a thief, and that thief my own half-brother."

We had had a period of beautiful cloudless weather since the great thunderstorm, but on the morning of the day appointed for the funeral a change appeared likely

to take place. The old folks of the village, John Dymond's friends and contemporaries, were pleased at this. "Happy is the corpse that the rain rains on," says the old adage; and they hoped that a shower might fall before the coffin was deposited in its final abiding-place.

Although it was a busy season of the year, and a week-day—for John Dymond had expressed a wish that his funeral might not take place on a Sunday—there was a very full assemblage of persons in the churchyard. The worthy old labourer had been much respected, and many persons of superior grade attended his funeral to do honour to his memory. A large portion, however, of the spectators had been drawn together by lower and coarser motives. It was rumoured that some scene of violence would take place between the half-brothers as soon as their father's coffin had been committed to the grave; while others darkly hinted that some preternatural appearance, some palpable evidence of the enchantment which hovered over the Dymond family, would become visible at the conclusion of the burial service. There was a great deal of staring and whispering among the crowd, when the two half-brothers, who seemed instinctively to keep as far apart from each other as possible, made their appearance.

By the time that that part of the service which is read in the church was concluded the sky had become completely overcast with a mantle of watery-looking clouds, and rain was evidently imminent, to the great satisfaction of the old folks who stood around me. I was in the act of delivering the beautiful exhortation which tells us that "man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery," when the first drops of rain began to fall. A smile of simple pleasure appeared on the elders' faces at this favourable omen, while I, less imaginative or less superstitious, instinctively expanded my umbrella. As I did so a piece of paper, of a dingy yellow hue, fluttered slowly from it, and fell on the newly dug earth at my feet. It was the Hundred Pound Note!

David and Reuben both saw the paper fall, and each rushed forward at the same moment. They met on the opposite sides of the grave, while at the same instant a murmur of astonishment arose from the assembled crowd.

For fully a minute the brothers looked each other steadily in the face; a softening shade of regret then passed over each of their countenances.

Reuben was the first to speak. "Davy," he said hoarsely, "I called you a thief without reason."

"It was as bad," answered David, hanging down his head.

"Let us shake hands," muttered Reuben, drawing his coat sleeve over his eyes. "We couldn't choose a better place than father's grave."

David held his hand willingly. "God forgive me," he said, "for all hard thoughts I thought of you, Reuben."

"My friends," I exclaimed, looking around at the spectators who stood regarding this touching scene with faces of the most intense interest—"My friends, it is well worth while that this solemn service should be interrupted, since the interruption has been the means of reconciling two brothers who have been at variance. Let us now proceed." I proceeded accordingly with the exhortation, Reuben and David clasping each other by the hand till the service was concluded.

A very brief explanation will suffice to show the probable manner in which the hundred pound note came into such a hiding place. On entering John Dymond's house that eventful afternoon I had placed my umbrella, which was slightly wetted by the commencing rain, upright against the table, and no doubt when I turned sharply round on witnessing that blinding flash of lightning my coat-tail whisked the note into the folds of the silk. There it lay, snugly enough plastered between the ribs, while with equal naturalness it fell out on the first expansion of the umbrella after a period of dry weather.

The newly-born friendship between the half-brothers was not tested by any lengthened intercourse, for shortly after he received his share of the hundred pound note Reuben sailed with his family for America, where, I afterwards understood, he got on better than anybody in Headingly ever anticipated. As for David, I joined his hand and Maria Worth's in holy matrimony.

Some years afterwards, on passing through Headingly, I found that many changes had taken place. My pretty hand-maiden, Maria, had become a buxom matron

with half a dozen children about her knees, but she gave me a hearty welcome, and, making me sit down in her trimly furnished parlour to drink a glass of wine, showed me in a frame over the mantelpiece a photographic fac-simile of the famous hundred pound note.

ANCIENT PROTESTS AGAINST NEW TESTAMENT PURITY.

WHEN Christianity was first introduced, and spread rapidly through Pagan countries, the people, loth to lose all that they had held sacred from their youth up, grafted on to the new teaching here a doctrine and there a ceremony, till by the third or fourth century after Christ it was difficult to say whether the religion they professed was more Pagan or more Christian. Some people, not liking such a mixture, tried to put a stop to this practice, and to teach their neighbours that Christianity was a spiritual religion, and in order to persuade them that it was so tried to make them read the New Testament, and especially to go to the fountain-head, and read it in the original Greek, and judge for themselves. But the majority clung to their long-cherished superstitions, and not liking to speak openly against the New Testament, spoke against the language it was written in, and accused the others of Graecising.

Indeed it seemed so clear that the spread of learning and the decrease of superstition must go together that the Roman Emperor Julian, who wished to stop the spread of Christianity, made a law that no Christian should be taught any Pagan literature, A.D. 363.

Before long the dangerous tendency of studying Greek became so evident that a rabbi vehemently denounced it, saying, "Cursed be he that keeps pigs, and cursed be he that teaches his son Greek learning."

At the time of the Reformation those who studied Greek were looked upon with suspicion. Erasmus, with every possible wish to keep well with the Catholics, found that his Greek drew him continually towards the Protestants. In Henry VIII.'s reign, when Greek was introduced into the University of Oxford, a party of the learned banded themselves together to resist this innovation, and, calling themselves Trojans, tried to stop its being

brought into their colleges, saying Latin was good enough for them.

In one of Gay's fables, in which a learned elephant comes into a bookseller's shop, the bookseller, thinking that a book would sell well if the title-page said that it was "by an Elephant," asks him to write something, that he may publish it, and knowing the tendency that learning has to lessen orthodoxy, and thinking that a little spice of heresy would be popular, suggests, among other subjects,

"And since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see Something against the Trinity."

A Unitarian lately, who made acquaintance with an Oxford scholar, said, "I used to think that it was impossible to be a good scholar and quite orthodox, but I find that Dr. — is an exception to the rule!" However, on further acquaintance he said, "Yes, I find that his orthodoxy, too, is very shaky." A young woman the other day was warned against attending a Greek class because "those who learn Greek never believe in Christ." At the first blush we are disposed to deny that as a glaring falsehood, but when we consider the words in the sense in which the speaker meant them we shall be ready, not only to agree that they are true, but to be glad that they are, for "believing in Christ" in the orthodox technical sense means believing that he is at the same time a God and a man, a Father and a Son; that during the years he spent on earth he was both almighty and weak, all-wise and partially wise, together with a string of other inconsistencies that the faithful are called upon to swallow, and which every clergyman, be he never so well educated, solemnly declares to his flock that he does believe, but which are so well-known to be impossible for him to believe that it would be the height of incivility if anyone were to say to him in private, when he is supposed to speak his own opinions, and not some conventional phrases, "Do you really think so, sir?" Unitarians fortunately, whether they have learnt Greek or not, do not believe any of these contradictions, but it would be well for them to make use of a weapon that has so often been acknowledged to be irresistible to help them in spreading their views among those who are still living under the teaching of a religion that is a mixture of Paganism and Christianity.

TRUE CHRISTIAN PRAYER.

CHRISTIAN prayer, as distinguished from prayer in the general sense, has the following characteristics :

1. It is offered to God—to the one only living and true God. Christianity acknowledges one, and but one infinite and eternal Spirit, who is the creator of all worlds and the righteous governor of all beings. It assures us that an idol is nothing in the world, and all other gods are vain ; for the Lord, He is God, and besides Him there is none else. Him only is man allowed to worship and adore. This doctrine was beautifully illustrated and enforced by our Saviour when the tempter offered him all the kingdoms of the world if he would fall down and worship him : “ It is written thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve.”

It is plain, therefore, that Jesus allows no prayer, no act of worship to any but God. The heathen pray to their high gods, and to a thousand inferior divinities ; and so, also, from altars that are called Christian, prayers ascend to the Virgin Mary, and a whole calender of saints, who were men as we are, and though we cannot affirm that these are no prayers, in a general sense, yet, beyond all doubt, they are offered to other than God ; and are as really idolatrous as if they were offered to idols of wood and stone ; and Christian prayers they most assuredly are not.

2. Christianity requires that prayer should be mingled with faith. The instructions of the Saviour on this point are peculiarly emphatic and plain. His language is : “ I say unto you, what things soever ye desire—when ye pray, believe that ye shall receive them.” “ All things whatsoever that ye ask in prayer, believing ye shall receive.” So, also, the Apostle exhorts us to pray, “ lifting up holy hands without wrath or doubting,” and assures us that “ whatsoever is not of faith is sin.” These references are sufficient authority for saying that the presence of a strong and living faith is essential to true Christian prayer. As Christians, it is our privilege to see God as the all-perfect and the all-wise and good, whose purposes are all gracious, and whose government is established in justice and mercy, and ordered in infinite love and honour ; it is our duty to be at all times submissive, and to pray always with this limitation, “ Thy will be

done.” For this reason no man has any right to ask of God any thing which he does not believe to be in accordance with the Divine purpose and pleasure. The moment any man asks what he does not believe God intends to grant, he treads upon forbidden ground—he exalts himself above God—assumes to “ teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule”—claims to know better than God what is best for the universe, and thus is guilty of sin.

This view of faith as an essential element of prayer is calculated to exercise a salutary influence in restraining and regulating the desires of the soul. It is not with every momentary want, real or imaginary, that we are permitted to go to God in prayer. It is not with unhallowed desires seeking only their own selfish gratification, and unmindful of the interests of others, that we are allowed to come to the Infinite Father in prayer. But with clean hands and pure hearts—with desires refined, chastened, and subdued to obedience and submission to the Divine will, we must approach the throne of Eternal mercy, asking that, and that only, which an enlightened faith informs us is embraced in the will of God, and saying, with the heart, not my will, but thine, oh Lord, be done.

As contrasted with this, most shocking indeed is the irreverence of many, even in their prayers. In the frenzy of excited feeling, and under the influence of excited and earth-born passions, the blind devotee rushes to the altars of his God, and invokes the Almighty arm as an instrument of his revenge and malice. Mistaking often the fever of rage, or lust, for the pure desire of the soul, he cries unto God for aid in the accomplishment of his schemes of wickedness, which, if consummated, would “ devour the widow’s house and orphan’s bread,” and immolate the interests of the poor upon the altar of self aggrandisement.

And then, again, even in Christian temples, there is often an irreverence, both of matter and manner, which shows that the faith which leans upon God, and bows submissively to His will, is sadly wanting. God is familiarly addressed as an equal ; nay, sometimes even as a servant, bound to go at the nod, or beck, and do the bidding of a frail worm of the dust. Regardless of the established principles of His government, and the determinate counsels of His will, by which heaven and earth must

abide—the invocation is that the great God will come down then and there, and without a moment's delay, and make bare his mighty arm in some party or sectarian scheme, having for its object the gratification of party pride, or the aggrandisement of some man who is the leader in the scheme.

More than this, we fear there are few among those who profess to be Christians who realise, or habitually remember, that faith is the limit and the boundary of Christian prayer. Hence, the masses of them think it no harm to believe and to preach that the purpose of God is to consign myriads of our race to the endless torments of hell, without hope of mercy; and then get down upon their knees and pray in the very teeth of the sermon. Importunately and ever do they pray that God will have mercy upon all; and that the good work may go on until the whole world shall be saved.

Such people are devoid of faith in their own prayers, and have need to be taught of the Saviour, "Whatsoever ye ask in prayer, *believe* that ye shall receive it." Most certainly they are bound to stop either their preaching or their prayers; or else alter them, so that they shall agree together. Albeit, I think the prayers are right enough; but the preaching hath need to be baptised in the love of Christ.

3. Another idea of Christian prayer is, that it is equally as acceptable in one place as another, and in one form as another. Other systems, as a general thing, insist that prayer must be offered in temples, or around altars, or in places consecrated to the purpose. They provide also that prayer shall be offered in set forms of speech, and with a particular posture of the body; and accompanied with certain rites and ceremonies, else they will not be heard.

This is not the doctrine of Christ. God is vitally and essentially present in all places, and at all times, and neither on Gerizim nor at Jerusalem is the exclusive place where He is to be worshipped. He asks not bended knee, nor uplifted hands, nor altars, nor consecrated groves, but He requires the adoration of the spirit, and the law is, "They that worship Him must worship in spirit and in truth."

God sees the heart, and is at all times acquainted with the most secret recesses of

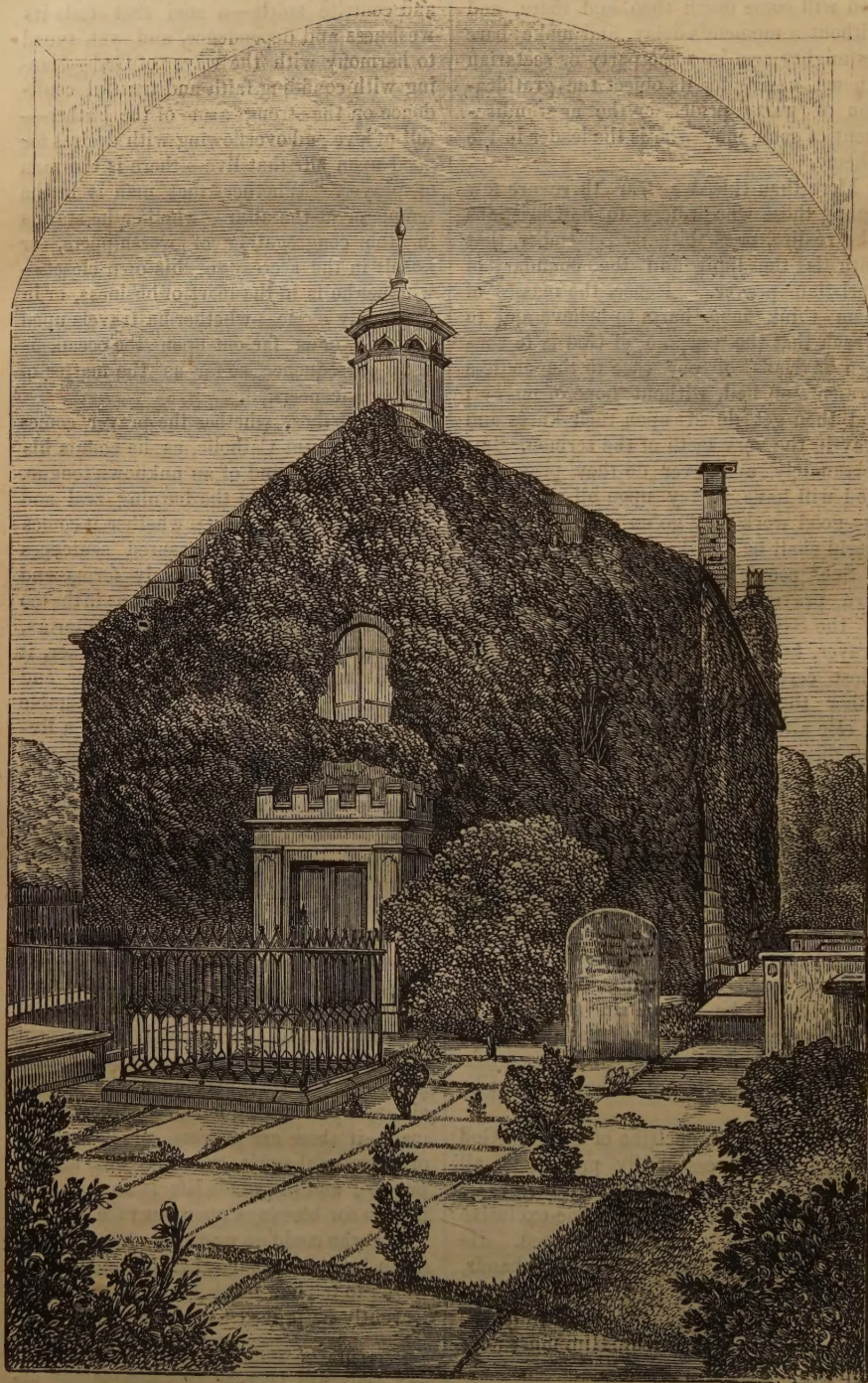
the spirit. Wherever there is an humble and contrite spirit—a soul that feels its weakness and dependence, and yet, tuned to harmony with the ways of God—leaning with confiding faith and trustful confidence on the strong arm of the Father—full of love and overflowing with desires for good upon all that live—there is the man of prayer. Whether that man is in the temple or at the altar—whether he stands in the congregation of worshippers, or kneels in the secrecy of his own closet—whether he is in the mart of business, or in the family circle—whether he travels upon the land, or is far out upon the ocean, is of no consequence, so far as the matter of prayer is concerned.

And further, whether the prayer comes from the devout Catholic, as he counts his beads at the sound of an unknown tongue, or manifests itself in the burning zeal and pathos of the Methodist; whether it comes in the rigid tones and measured sentences of the Calvinist; the stately forms and sturdy English of the Episcopalian; in the too often polished college phrase of the Unitarian, or the expressive silence of the Quaker, it is still a prayer that God will hear and answer. Coming from pure and humble hearts, and baptised in the spirit of a living faith and holy love, it will rise as a sweet memorial before the throne of God, in the very heaven of heavens, and call a blessing down to earth.

If the temple is the only place where prayer can properly be made, and the voice is the only medium through which prayer can be uttered, then was the Saviour himself a prayerless man. A few instances only are recorded in which men either saw or heard him engaged in prayer. But if submission to the Divine Will—fervent love for man—ardent desires for human good—constant reliance upon the Divine aid, and persevering labour for the good of man—if these are prayers, or indications of a prayerful spirit, then was he a man of prayer; and his whole life is an appeal to heaven for blessings upon our race.

He who could go up to the altar, and lay down his life for our sakes, had no need of words to tell how much he loved us, or how fervently he prayed for us.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN UNITARIAN REPORT.
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TOXTETH PARK CHAPEL, LIVERPOOL.

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THIS is acknowledged to be one of the most ancient Nonconformist chapels of our country, and the birth-place of Nonconformity in Liverpool and that neighbourhood. It is also very remarkable that as far back as the year 1728 the minister of this chapel, Mr. Gillibrand, distinctly in his discourses denied the doctrine of the Trinity. We are indebted to a detailed and interesting history of the chapel in the "Christian Reformer" of 1862. It appears as far back as the reign of James I. a few Nonconformists were in the habit of meeting for worship near this spot in a retired glen, familiar now to every Unitarian under the name of the Dingle. These few worshippers were pre-eminent for peaceable conduct and general respectability of character, and the spot where they met was known, tradition says, by the name of "Holy Land." Another very interesting fact connected with this place of worship is this, the first minister was Mr. Richard Mather, the grandfather of the celebrated Dr. Cotton Mather, and therefore the father of a family that has borne a signal part in the cause of religious truth and freedom both in England and America. Mr. Mather preached his first sermon in Toxteth in 1618, most probably at the opening of the chapel, and ministered here for fifteen years. In 1635 he settled in America, and died in 1669. Of his preaching it is said, "it was plain, studiously avoiding obscure and foreign terms, aiming to shoot his arrows not over the heads but into the hearts of his hearers." We quote this as a useful hint to our preachers now. The successor to Mr. Mather at Toxteth was Mr. Huggon, and he was followed by Mr. Michael Briscoe, a good scholar and fine author, who died in 1685. The following are the names of ministers who have been settled here since that time:—Mr. Thomas Crompton, Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Christopher Richardson. It is said of Mr. Richardson that a neighbouring minister complaining to him that he drew away his flock, he replied: "Feed them better, and they will not stray." Mr. Samuel Angier succeeded Mr. Richardson, who died in 1698. We ought to notice that this chapel was originally a parochial

chapel, and was suffered by some circumstance we cannot explain to subside into a Presbyterian meeting house. At the time of the Commonwealth it was included in the fifth of the nine classical Presbyteries into which the county of Lancaster was then, by Act of Parliament, divided. The last meeting of this Presbytery took place at Toxteth Chapel when the celebrated Matthew Henry preached. From this time the succession of ministers can be more accurately traced. The Rev. John Kenyon laboured at Toxteth Park for twenty years, and died in 1728; he was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Gillibrand, who was minister here for a few years. A lay minister, Mr. William Harding, officiated from 1738 to 1776. The chapel was rebuilt in 1774 by voluntary subscriptions. On the death of Mr. Harding the Rev. Hugh Anderson succeeded him in 1776, and during his ministry the decidedly Unitarian section of the congregation separated, which very much injured the cause at Toxteth Park. The Rev. John Porter, now of Belfast, was chosen in 1827 as colleague to Mr. Anderson, but removed to Belfast in 1829. The Rev. J. H. Thom became minister in 1829, and after two years removed to Renshaw-street Chapel, Liverpool. The Rev. Charles Wicksteed ministered here from 1831 to 1835. The Rev. Mr. Giles succeeded Mr. Wicksteed, and retired to the United States in 1839. The Rev. John Robberds, to whom we are much indebted for this sketch, followed Mr. Giles, who has been succeeded by the Rev. Charles Upton, the present minister. One family has been connected for some generations with this congregation—the family of the Yates'—and we cannot better close our account of this chapel than place on our pages a few words on the memorial tablet of Richard Vaughan Yates, third son of the late Rev. John Yates: "He held nothing as his own, but a stewardship to God, devoted his time, his means, and himself to a conscientious self discipline, and to the happiness and improvement of man. Touched by the meekness and gentleness of Christ, he was never weary of well-doing, but, in the simplicity of an humble, cheerful, and child-like heart, pursued his faithful way. With firm attachment to his views of Christian truth he blended universal charity. Monuments of his benevolence remain.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS.

BY A HINDOO.

I WAS born of an orthodox Hindu family. When seven and a-half years of age I left my father's house for my maternal uncle's at Calcutta for education. I had had no knowledge of Hinduism except of some outward forms of worship, such as the bowing down of heads before idols and the Brahmins, the priest caste, and of some imperfect ideas of the different characteristics of some of the most powerful gods, such as Siva, Kristna, and Kally the goddess. The first-named, Siva, was however my favourite God, though I cannot remember now the reason of such preference. There were in the house of my maternal uncle the constant worship of idols, and meetings of religious men, and all sort of religious practices, my maternal uncle being a leader of a religion called Korta Soza, the most abominable form of idolatry, which has not its history in any sacred scriptures of the Hindus. This religion inculcates the worship of a ploughman named Dulalpal, and his wife, denominated Korta-Ma. The following is the history of this religion as orally related by its followers. They say, one day the ploughman was ploughing his land in the cornfield at a little distance from his house, when a beggar came to him, and saying that he was very hungry and thirsty, asked for something to eat and drink. The ploughman said that he had nothing there to give him, but the beggar would not hear it. At last, when the beggar saw that the man was really sorry for not being able to give him anything, he then told him to give him what he had in the earthen pot, pointing to the one in which the ploughman brought his fire. The ploughman said there was nothing but ashes, but the beggar said let me have what is in it; then the ploughman went to bring the pot, and, to his great surprise, found some nice fruit in it. This miraculous work led the ploughman to believe that the beggar must have been God in a human form (as the gods of the Hindoo often met in ancient times their votaries, sometimes in human form, sometimes in the shape of bulls, and so on), and he threw himself at his feet and prayed to him to give him his divine grace. The beggar then presented him with fruit as a token of his favour, and said

that it would cure any disease if he would give a bit of it to any patient, and so saying he disappeared. The ploughman, all in joy, awe, and serenity, came home and discovered the fact to his wife, and gradually to his neighbours, and at last he cured many diseases by administering a bit of the fruit to many patients. This account having spread far and wide, the patients of different diseases began to come to him for medicines, and as several of them got well, the veneration of the people for this man grew deeper and deeper, and at last they began to regard him as a favourite of God, or God himself. After the death of the ploughman and his wife, the people deified them, and now they are worshipped as god and goddess, and their descendants as the children of god. There are about two hundred thousand people who follow this religion. If I am required to tell some of its doctrines, it will be a riddle to you, for neither virtue nor vice have any meaning to its votaries. There is no fixed idea of the next world, all is mazy; all that is required of its followers is to worship its leaders, and through them to the dead deified ploughman and his wife, and their living descendants. The means adopted for converting people to this religion are not religious teachings, but the description of the miraculous powers of its gods, and their descendants, and several of its leading men, in curing diseases by administering medicines and by uttering some sacred words. Having given a brief narrative of this religion, I now begin with my own history. In the midst of this direful and useless religion I was gradually absorbed, I became one of its great advocates. But the mercy of God was always over me. Nothing happens without His will. This religion, however, could do me no evil, but it rather developed some of my religious feelings, which would have remained dormant had I not belonged to this system. There was no other chance for the exercise of my religious feelings, no regular religious teachings having been given by my parents and by the schools. It seems to me as if God had placed me there to prepare me for a better religion. I was taught to rely on my religious instructor for everything, and to pray to him, bringing him before my mind's eye, for the removal of all wants.

The superstitious idea of the existence of demons, and their influence over men having been very predominant, I was led often to pray to my instructor to give me power over the demons, and to drive them from me. I prayed to him to enable me to do my lesson satisfactorily in the class. I prayed to him to win for me in my lottery play, and gradually my dependence on him grew so strong that nothing adverse could frighten me. One evening while I was sailing in a boat, and was in the midst of the river Ganges, a strong wind arose, which frightened all the passengers. While every one began to take the name of God on his lips, and was in despair, I prayed to my instructor, and got so much courage as to think that the boat would never sink, and was able to calm myself. There was one more advantage which I derived from this religion. I was taught to despise all Hindu idols. According to the doctrines of this religion, he who would depend solely on his religious instructor, called Mohasoy, would not be in need of worshipping any other idols for salvation. I was orthodox in this religion, and was often led with an arrogant spirit to look down on Hinduism as a false religion, and to speak against it mercilessly. While I would speak against the most powerful gods of the Hindu, and while the Hindus would threaten me with the revenge of such gods, my mind would sometimes shrink with fear, but I could immediately regain my courage by praying to my instructor. In this way my faith, my reverence, and my feeling of dependence were kept in constant exercise, which tended to their healthy development. At the end of five or six years, the whole length of time during which I was the follower of this religion, while many of my religious feelings grew beautifully in the uncultivated ground of my heart, it pleased God to bring me in contact with a Bramho friend, who, with great assiduity and patience, rooted out of my mind in some time all my [superstitious views, and took care to nurture and well direct all my good feelings. When a mind becomes subject to superstition it rebels against all good reason, and cannot find out the very simple truths that lie close to it. I remember it took my friend a long time to drive by discussion out of my mind this single prejudiced view, that

while God is everywhere, every created object is God, and every such object, if worshipped as God himself, would procure salvation. It was, I think, the will of my God that I should be His worshipper. I ridiculed my friend, I reviled and disdained him for preaching to me the saving truths. Had not my God, for the sake of preserving my soul, given my friend perseverance and patience, he could not have suffered the persecution and mortification he met with in converting me to pure theism. At last it pleased the merciful God to subject my erring mind to the dictates of truth. I then perceived the peace and joy which followed the triumph of truth. Oh! how peaceful and happy was the day when I came to know that the one true God is the object of my worship, and that He is my all in this life and the life to come. My mind became calm as the sea after a tempest. I then perceived that I had found in this tempestuous sea of life one strong and safe lifeboat to carry me safely over it to the region of the next world, where there is everlasting peace.

THE BEAUTIFUL LAND.

There are brighter skies than these, I know;

Land where no shadows lie—

Fields where immortal flowers bloom,

And founts that are never dry;

There are domes where the stars are never dim,

Where the moon for ever gleams,

And the music-breath of the radiant hills

Sweeps o'er the crystal streams;

For oft I've caught, in time of sleep,

A gorgeous glimpse of this hidden deep,

Away in the land of dreams.

When night lets down her pall of mist

On slender cords of air,

And the purple shadows of dying day

Are teeming everywhere;

While unseen fairies chant a lay

In the lily's crimson cells,

And the solemn voice of the harmless winds

Breaks up the dreary fells,

I know, by the cry of my soul within,

There's a place where they shut the gates of
sin,

And the God of glory dwells.

The wail of the wind, the river's voice,

The arch of western hill,

The beauty spread o'er the living earth,

In slumbrous twilight still.

The yearnings of each human heart

For a holier, better clime—

A higher life than this mortal course,

Bearing the seal divine!

Ab! sure there must be a beautiful land,

Where the white-robed millions ransomed
stand

Chanting their songs sublime.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

THE DEVELOPMENT THEORY.

As we propose to lay before our readers a few short papers on a topic which of late years has excited much interest and much opposition, both from a scientific and from a religious point of view, and as we are more immediately concerned with the religious phase of the question, we shall devote the first few words we have to say in affirming, that after a careful survey of the development theory of creation, and a studious perusal of several works of a kindred character to Darwin's "Origin of Species," and a partial reception of some of the positions sustained by writers wedded to this theory, we can most conscientiously acknowledge that, in view of the supposed correctness of this view of creation, it weakens no pious thought, lessens no devotional feeling, shakes no Christian conviction, injures no true sympathy, nor blights any Christian hope. Admitting, for the sake of argument, that all is true what Darwin would have us to believe, that the entire creation has arrived at its present state by a series of very gradual and natural changes, this in no way interferes with our conviction of the necessity of an Almighty God, for Bishop Butler truly says, "what is natural as much requires an intelligent agent to render it so, to effect it continually, or at stated times, as what is supernatural or miraculous to effect for once." The writer of the "Vestiges of Creation" frequently makes acknowledgments of this kind in the processes of his argument, and moreover asserts he cannot discover anything in a fair interpretation of the Bible opposed to the positions he lays down. "Geology at first seems inconsistent with the authority of the Mosaic record. A storm of indignation arises against the geologist. In time the truths of geology, being found quite irresistible, are admitted, and mankind continue to regard the Scriptures with the same respect as before." Nearly all the literature we have seen devoted to the elucidation and defence of the development theory appears to us written by religious men, who acknowledge a supreme Creator, and who honour him in their writings. Darwin says that his views of creation and the origin of the different species appear to him to reflect far more wisdom and dignity on the Creator than the common views do;

and that his views enable mankind to take a prophetic glance into futurity, and to foretell the infinite improvement of all things that exist, including the human race as well. He says, "I see no good reason why the views I have given should shock the religious feelings of anyone." Speaking of the old views of the origin of the variety which exists in vegetable and animal life, he says, "They make the works of God a mere mockery and deception. I could almost as soon believe with the old and ignorant cosmogonists that fossil shells had never lived, but had been created in stone, so as to mock the shells now living on the sea shore. . . ."

To my mind this view of growth and development accords better with what we know of the laws impressed on matter by the Creator. There is a grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that while this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity from so simple a beginning, endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been and are being evolved." The serious charge of atheism, which is at times urged against this theory, is a charge that has often been made against scientific investigation. It is satisfactory to know how transient such objections are, and to remember that the greatest discovery made by Sir Isaac Newton, namely, the law of gravitation, was also attacked by Leibnitz "as subversive of natural and inferentially of revealed religion." We trust our readers are fully prepared for an unprejudiced examination of every theory which makes any profession to scholarship and a scientific investigation of facts, more especially when the chief authors allege that to them such views of creation fill their souls with nobler thoughts of God and greater reverence for His ways. We have but to add that our faith, love, and hope, and our belief in what are called the specialties of the Christian religion, stand all untouched even if we were to fully accept what has been written in exposition and defence of this theory, which we shall try to summarise in future papers.

FIRE INSURANCE.—Henry Ward Beecher, with the bold audacity of his race, calls orthodox churches "Mutual insurance companies against future fire."

THE AUTHORITY OF JESUS.

No thoughtful reader of the Gospel can fail to ask in what character Jesus speaks; with what claim on our belief and reliance; whether as any other wise and good man, Socrates or Marcus Aurelius, or as one especially sent and commissioned of God to speak. There can be no doubt that he did, in some sense, and for some reason, take this higher ground. He demanded a reliance upon him, an acceptance and imitation of him, a following of him as guide and master, such as no other teacher or master ever did; and all this, if it was not a valid claim, must be set down as monstrous self-conceit. Such an assumption put forward by Socrates or Plato, by Seneca or Boethius, would be intolerable. I could not respect Jesus if I did not regard him as superior to all other teachers and all other men. If he only imagined himself to be thus superior, or if he imagined that God had specially sent him, and yet if in both respects he was mistaken, his character would at once sink to that of an amiable visionary, of a deluded fanatic. Renan could express the highest admiration for him, and yet believe that he sometimes lent himself to deception. But the charge of fanaticism, of utter *self*-deception, would be yet more fatal—involving his whole work and mission.

We *must* come to some conclusion upon this point one way or other. We cannot ignore Jesus. We cannot leave him out from our system of thought and life. No being that ever lived has so large a place in it. If his character is not faultless, if the model has flaws and defects in it, it ceases to be the needful guidance and help to us. And a question *has* been raised in regard to this constant self-reference and self-assertion. How, it has been said, does it consist with the modesty and beauty of virtue that he should so often say, "Learn of me, trust in me, follow me; take my yoke and ye shall find rest; I am the way and the truth and the life?" Not otherwise, it must be answered, than that so was the divinest love breathed into the soul, so was his spirit filled with unutterable joy and beatitude, so had he found the long-sought secret of perfect rest and bliss, that it had been treason to virtue and humanity to suppress the conviction of it. If he had been like others, an anxious

unsatisfied, passion-tost, sin-weary man, he could never have spoken so.

Let all Christian prejudice in this matter be put away. Let me come to this question as a mere philosopher. Suppose I had been educated up to mature culture in such seclusion that I had never heard of Christianity—educated solely by Indian or Grecian lore. And now the New Testament is put into my hands. I read it. I take the natural impression. Oh, for such a natural, unbiassed, original impression of the Gospel record! But any way there can be no doubt that I should feel that here was a character portrayed, a teaching, a life, which had no prototype in Indian or Grecian story—such wisdom, such immaculate purity, such love of God and such pity for men, as must seem in some peculiar sense to have been breathed out from the Infinite Light and Love.—*Dr. Dewey.*

EVENING BRINGS US HOME.

UPON the hills the wind is sharp and cold,
The sweet young grasses wither on the wold;
And we, O Lord, have wandered from thy fold;
But evening brings us home.

Among the mists we stumbled, and the rocks
Where the brown lichen whitens, and the fox
Watches the straggler from the scattered flocks;
But evening brings us home.

The sharp thorns prick us, and our tender feet
Are cut and bleeding, and the lambs repeat
Their pitiful complaints,—oh, rest is sweet
When evening brings us home!

We have been wounded by the hunters' darts;
Our eyes are very heavy, and our hearts
Search for Thy coming; when the light departs
And evening brings us home.

The darkness gathers. Through the gloom no
star
Rises to guide us. We have wandered far,—
Without Thy lamp we know not where we are;
At evening, bring us home.

The clouds are round us and the snow-drifts
thicken;
O Thou, dear Shepherd! leave us not to sicken
In the waste night, our tardy footsteps quicken;
At evening, bring us home.

Fraser's Magazine.

SERMON INSPIRATION.—A clergyman was preparing his discourse for Sunday, stopping occasionally to review what he had written and to erase that which he was disposed to disprove, when he was accosted by his little son, who had numbered but five summers: "Father, does God tell you what to preach?" "Certainly, my child." "Then what makes you scratch it out?"

THE ROYAL PULL AT THE BELL.

THERE is a story told of an anonymous king, the moral of which may be well applied by all. The old monarch, when dying, called his son to him, put in his hand the sceptre, and then asked him if he could take advice as easily as he had taken from his father the symbol of authority.

The young heir, grasping the sceptre tightly, and hinting at the excellence of brevity in council as well as wit, said that, under the circumstances, "he could."

"I could be as brief as my breath," answered the abdicating monarch, "and that is short enough. You look up to a house of pleasure; now, hear better from me. Woe, my lad, tumbles in pailfuls, and good luck is only distilled in drops."

The son looked down at his now silent sire, and found he was dead.

The new king commanded a splendid funeral, and arranged a grand hunting party for the day after. He laughed at the paternal smile, and to publish its weakness and his own felicity, he caused to be placed over his palace a large silver-toned bell; a rope passed from it into each room which he occupied.

"I will ring it," said he, "whenever I feel thoroughly happy. I have no doubt that I shall weary my own arm and deafen my people's ears."

For a whole month the bell was silent.

"I have had my hand on the rope," said the king, "fifty times, but I felt I was hardly happy enough to proclaim it to my people; but we have got over the first difficulties, and to-morrow—"

On the morrow as he was boasting of the fidelity and friendship of one of his ministers, he learned that his friend and servant was in the habit of betraying the contents of his private dispatches to a neighbouring potentate, from whom the traitor received stars and crosses in return.

The king sighed: "We shall not toll the bell, then, to-day; but assuredly to-morrow."

In the morning he rode over to the house of the mistress of his heart.

"There," he remarked to himself, as he went along in that pace which used to be observed by the pilgrims to Canterbury, and which, in England, has taken its name from the first two syllables of that city's name—"there I have never found disappointment."

What he did find he never told; but on his return to the palace, when his groom of the chambers looked interrogatively between him and the bell-rope, the monarch simply twisted the latter in a noose, and angrily muttered, as he flung it down again:

"Would to heaven that they were both hanging from it together!"

On the following day he philosophically reviewed the case.

"I have been quite unreasonable," he said; "why should I grieve because I have been betrayed by a knave, and jilted by a girl with golden hair? I have dominions, a full treasury, a mighty army, laughing vineyards, verdant meadows, a people who pay taxes as if they loved them, and God's free air to breathe in. I may be happy yet," added he, advancing to the window; "nay, I am!" and he reached his hand to the rope. He was on the point of ringing it with a will, when he saw a sight without, and heard a voice within, which made him pause. A messenger was at his feet.

"Oh, sire," cried the bringer of bad tidings, "thou seest the dust, the fires, and the gleam of arms without. The foe has broken in upon the land, and terror is before and devastation behind him!"

"Now a curse upon kingship that brings a wretched monarch evils like these!" cried the king who wanted to be happy.

The courier hinted something about the miseries of the people.

"By that lady of hate whose church is in Brittany," cried the prince, "thou art right! I thought to pull lustily at the bell, but I will as lustily pull at my sword in the sheath, and see if there be not virtue in that. How came in the foe, and who commands them?"

The answer to his double query told him that the enemy could not have entered had not his dispatches been betrayed to the invader; and that the van of the army was under the command of the prince whose name was no sooner uttered to the king than the latter turned red with fury, and exclaimed:

"He! Then I shall ring the bell yet! I will have his life, and then the lady—"

He said no more, but went out, fought like a man, cleared the land of the foe, hung the traitor with all his orders on him, and maimed the young leader of the hostile vanguard past sympathy from Cupid, and returned to his capital in triumph. He had

so much to employ him after his return, so much to accomplish for the restoration of the fortunes of his people, so much to meditate upon for future accomplishment, that when at night he lay down upon his couch, with weariness upon his brow, but a shade of honest joy upon his cheek, he had fairly forgotten the silver bell in the turret, and the ropes which depended from it. And so he grew gay and infirm, never turning from his work till the inevitable Angel looked smilingly in his face and began to beckon him away. He was sitting in his uneasy chair, pale as death, but still at his ministry, till his eyes grew dim, his head sank on his breast, and there was without a sound of wailing.

"What voices are those?" asked he stoutly; "what is there yet for me to do?"

His chancellor stooped over him as he now lay on the couch, and whispered: "Our father is departing from us, and his children are at the threshold in tears."

"Let them in! let them in!" hoarsely cried the king. "What, do they really love me!"

"If there were a life to be purchased here, O worthy sire, they would purchase thine with their blood!"

The crowd streamed silently in to look once more upon the good old king, and to mourn at his departure. He stretched his hands towards them and asked: "Have I won your love, children? have I won your love?"

One universal affirmative reply given from the heart, though given with soft expression, seemed to bestow upon the dying monarch new life. He raised himself on the couch, looked like an inspired saint, and tried to speak, but failed in the attempt. None the less happy, he looked up to God, glanced to the turret where hung the bell, extended his hand to the rope, gave one pull, and died with a smile on his lips, as he rung his own knell.

IMAGINARY HORRORS.—Joseph Addison says: "Were I a father, I should take a particular care to preserve my children from those little horrors of imagination which they are apt to contract when they are young, and are not able to shake off when they are in years." For just this reason I think that parents should keep their children away from orthodox Sabbath schools. I have known children who were permanently injured for years by imaginary horrors heard of at such schools.

TO SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHERS.

To those who have a garden near a town, I would say, ask the school children to come and walk in it for half an hour. Some of our Sunday scholars come to ours after school, and they enjoy it so much that it is touching to see their pleasure. They exclaim, "Oh, isn't it beautiful here? It's quite like a day in the country!" They call upon each other to notice the progress each plant has made from bud to flower and from flower to seed. When a new child comes with the party they take him or her round and show off the beauties of the place, and tell how this tree looked when it was all in bloom and that plant when it was only "so high." And new ones—they look on with a trembling delight, hardly daring to believe that they really are bodily in such a paradise. Some look after the many kinds of insects. Some listen with open ears to all explanations or information about the things they see. Finally they go away with a soft sighing regret and various expressions of gratitude.

Ask the children into the garden, tell any unruly spirit at the outset that all must behave well, and you will find that you have conjured up a living picture of happiness that you will not soon forget.

GIVE ME THE HAND.

BY GOODWYN BARMBY.

Give me the hand that is kind, warm, and ready;
Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;
Give me the hand that will never deceive me;
Give me its grasp, that I aye may believe thee.
Soft is the palm of the delicate woman;
Hard is the hand of the rough, sturdy yeoman;
Soft palm or hard hand, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has harmed not another;
Give me the hand that has never forsworn it;
Give me the grasp that I may adore it.

Lovely the palm of the fair blue-veined maiden;
Horny the hand of the workman o'er-laden;
Lovely or ugly, it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

Give me the grasp that is honest and hearty,
Free as the breeze and unshackled by party;
Let friendship give me the grasps that becomes her,
Close as the twine of the vines of the summer.
Give me the hand that is true as a brother;
Give me the hand that has wronged not another;
Soft palm or hard hand it matters not—never!
Give me the grasp that is friendly for ever.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

PREACHING AND PRACTISING.—The Talmud inveighs bitterly against those "who preach beautifully but do not act beautifully."

A CHILD'S FAITH.—While a mother was brooding over her poverty her little son said, "Mamma, I think God bears when we scrape the bottom of the barrel!"

HORACE GREELEY says: "Universalism stands for no defeat in the government of God! It concedes delays, postponements, but never failure." This is a fine statement, and worthy of attention.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.—Some one was praising public schools to Charles Landseer, and said: "All our best men were public schoolmen. Look at our poets. There's Byron; he was a Harrow boy." "Yes," interrupted Charles, "and there's Burns; he was a ploughboy."

FAITH AND PRACTICE.—The Rev. Richard Baxter says that "the world would sooner believe that the Gospel is indeed a work of truth and power if they could see more of the effects of it upon the hearts and lives of men. They are better able to read the nature of a man's religion in his life than in the Bible."

DIFFERENCES OF OPINION.—John Wesley says: "I have no more right to object to a man for holding a different opinion from me than I have to differ with a man because he wears a wig and I wear my own hair; but if he takes the wig off, and begins to shake the powder about my eyes, I shall consider it my duty to get quit of him as soon as possible."

NO TIME TO UNDERSTAND.—"How is it, my dear," inquired a school-mistress of a little girl, "that you do not understand this simple thing?" "I do not know, indeed," she answered with a perplexed look; "but I sometimes think I have so many things to learn that I have no time to understand."

A GENEROUS ANSWER.—The Oriental philosopher, Lokman, while a slave, being presented by his master with a bitter melon, immediately ate it all. "How was it possible," said the master, "for you to eat so nauseous a fruit?" Lokman replied, "I have received so many favours from you, that it is no wonder I should once in my life eat a bitter melon from your hand." The generous answer of the slave struck his master to such a degree that he immediately gave him his liberty.

HOW ROMAN CATHOLICS ARE MADE.—The *Tablet* says: "It is by a Catholic life which the child breathes in at every pore, and with which it is bathed through and through by Catholic ways and habits, surrounding it by ten thousand ways of light to which the world without is blind." Our readers will be interested in the following fresh and excellent example of the rule in practice:—"A little Irish girl about six years old was telling some of her school-mates—children of Protestant parents—what wonderful things priests could do. "Why," said she, "if he wished to, he could turn a man into a stone!" The other children laughed and said, "We don't believe it." "Well," was her reply—beautiful for its simplicity—"If I was you, I wouldn't believe it, but I've got to believe it."

DISTURBERS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.—In the olden times, when pastors "spoke right out," a clergyman thus addressed Mr. Bryant:—"Neighbour Bryant, it is to your reproach that you have disturbed the worship by coming late, living as you do within a mile of this place; and especially so since here is Goody Barstow, who has milked seven cows, made a cheese, and walked five miles to the house of God in good season."

REASONING ON THE TRINITY.—The *Congregationalist* praises a volume of poems by S. W. Duffield, and quotes some lines which tell how the Trinity ceased to be an unparalleled mystery to him. Three "chiefest colours" blended in a rainbow seem to have been a "perfect symbol" to his mind. Yes, and three editors of one *Congregationalist* might be another "perfect symbol," practically, if not poetically. We hope that few of our readers will be so obstinate as to remain Unitarians after such a triumphant illustration of the reasonableness of orthodoxy.

HOW THE BIBLE IS READ.—The way in which many teachers read their Bibles is just like the way that the old monks thought hedgehogs ate grapes. They rolled themselves over and over where the grapes lay on the ground. What fruit stuck to their spines they carried off and ate. So your hedgehog readers roll themselves over and over their Bibles, and declare that whatever sticks to their own spines is Scripture, and that nothing else is. But you can only get the skins of the text that way. If you want their juices you must press them in cluster.—*Ruskin*.

WISH OF A GOOD MAN.—I would rather, when I am laid in the grave, that some one in his manhood should stand over me and say, "There lies one who was a real friend to me, and privately warned me of the dangers of the young; no one knew it, but he aided me in time of need; I owe what I am to him." Or I would rather have some widow with creaking utterance, telling her children, "There is your friend and mine; he visited me in my affliction, and found you, my son, an employer, and you, my daughter, a home in a virtuous family." I would rather that such persons should stand at my grave than to have erected over it the most beautiful sculptured monument of Parian or Italian marble. The heart's broken utterance of reflections of past kindness, and the tears of grateful memory shed upon the grave, are more valuable in my estimation than the most costly cenotaph ever reared.—*Dr. Sharpe*.

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